

Nosedive

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/71275306) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/71275306>.

Rating:

[Mature](#)

Archive Warning:

[Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings](#)

Category:

[Gen](#)

Fandom:

[The Pitt \(TV\)](#)

Relationship:

[Frank Langdon & Michael "Robby" Robinavitch](#)

Characters:

[Frank Langdon](#), [Michael "Robby" Robinavitch](#), [Dana Evans](#), [Trinity Santos](#), [Minor Characters](#), [Melissa "Mel" King](#), [Abby Langdon](#)

Additional Tags:

[Eating Disorders](#), [Frank Langdon Needs a Hug](#), [Bulimia](#), [Starvation](#), [Hurt/Comfort](#), [Past Drug Addiction](#), [Vomiting](#), [Mental Health Issues](#), [Mental Instability](#), [Mental Breakdown](#), [Force-Feeding](#), [Medical Procedures](#), [Food Issues](#), [Purging](#), [Self-Harm](#), [Hurt Frank Langdon](#), [Self-Hatred](#), [Angst](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2025-09-23 Completed: 2026-03-07 Words: 4,981
Chapters: 2/2

Nosedive

by [Toodles41](#)

Summary

The good thing about working in such a chaotic environment is that no one notices when you've skipped meals. Langdon's always eaten like a bird, was always teased for it by family and friends. He prefers quick snacks to big meals, and that's how it's always been. That's why he works so well in the Pitt. He shoves a protein bar in his scrub pocket, knowing full well he won't eat it later. But it makes him feel like his old self, the one before the benzos, when he pretends he still has an appetite.

Langdon has a problem with food.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The good thing about working in such a chaotic environment is that no one notices when you've skipped meals. Langdon's always eaten like a bird, was always teased for it by family and friends. He prefers quick snacks to big meals, and that's how it's always been. That's why he works so well in the Pitt. He shoves a protein bar in his scrub pocket, knowing full well he won't eat it later. But it makes him feel like his old self, the one before the benzos, when he pretends he still has an appetite.

It was the nausea and vomiting from the withdrawals that started it, Langdon was sure of it. Now, whenever he eats, it feels like there's a foreign object sitting in his stomach, waiting patiently to be expelled.

He feels like an imposter in his own body, swallowing down thick paste that he knows will come right back up, whether he wants it to or not. The back of his throat burns, his voice now hoarse and nasally. He pops a cough drop while he squints with knitted brows at the charts on the computer, gloved fingers on the mouse, but it all blurs together.

*

On a sunless, cold day, Langdon messes up more than he can count. Confusing patient prescriptions and symptoms, forgetting to log things. He eats a handful of trail mix, thinking it'll give him the strength he needs to get through the shift, but it only gets worse. His head is pounding, and the lights are too bright in the tiny hospital room. The dehydration is starting to get to him, it seems.

When the dizziness becomes disorienting, and the room starts to spin, he tells the others he needs to take a breather. They wave him off, telling him they got this. He can't prove it, but he feels like everyone's been treating him more delicately since he got back from his inpatient program. He doesn't really blame them. He's different. Looks different too, or so he's been told.

*

Mel catches him in the hallway, but Robby doesn't stop for her. She asks him about Langdon, tells him about how off he's been recently. She stumbles over her words multiple times, trying to get to the point, until she huffs and finally says:

“You don’t think he’s relapsed, do you?” She asks, wide eyed and frazzled, like she’s said something wrong.

“Not possible.” Robby says, still moving. She speed walks to catch up to him, short and awkward.

“I just- um- he’s lost a lot of weight, and I’m concerned-“

Robby puts his hand up and interrupts her. “He gets tested every week at random. He’s been clean for months now. Nothing to worry about.” He reassures.

He was going to add some words of wisdom, talk about how recovery is hard and not linear or pretty and there are ups and downs, but he doesn’t have the energy today, so he leaves it at that.

“Okay. Of course.”

*

Thank god for Dana. Robby doesn’t know where they’d be without her. She seems to be the only voice of reason on the floor, these days. He remembers the feeling of his stomach sinking when she told him she was thinking of quitting. Thank god she changed her mind. She tells him they’ve all been through the wringer, all have their inner battles, and she would be selfish to leave everyone behind just because of that Driscoll guy. Robby doesn’t quite agree. Dana is probably the least selfish person he’s ever met.

“And make sure Langdon eats somethin’, okay?” Dana says softly after their talk, hand on his shoulder. He sighs, closes his eyes. Nods.

*

Langdon catches a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirror at 6:30 a.m. the next week, coming in a bit early for his shift. He turns to the side and holds his arm out. Tests the loose waistband of his pants that are folded over twice, now that they hang off of his hipbones awkwardly. He makes a mental note to get a smaller pair of scrubs. He doesn’t really recognize the person looking back. After wetting his hands and running them through his hair, he heads to his locker and places everything inside, lunch absent. He’s stopped packing them a while ago.

*

Santos is too observant for her own good.

“I know I’ve done enough damage to his reputation but I couldn’t help but notice-“ she stops suddenly, like Robby will interrupt her, but he doesn’t. Just waits for what he knows is coming, arms crossed.

“The two red knuckles on Langdon’s right hand? Could be from self-induced vomiting, which would explain the sudden drop in weight. His teeth are also looking pretty yellow, possibly from bile, and his-“

“Yeah, I know the signs of bulimia, Santos. Thanks.” Robby snaps, brushes a hand through his hair and exhales. Winces at himself when he realizes how combative he sounds. She’s just a kid, after all. She doesn’t actually mean to come off as arrogant, as much as Langdon desperately tried to convince him otherwise when he was caught red handed months ago.

Santos raises an eyebrow but doesn’t say anything. She’s feisty, but he’s one of the few people she doesn’t talk back to. Today, Robby’s thankful for it.

*

Through the tipped glasses on his nose, Robby observes Langdon. Observes how he flits around like a hummingbird, jumping from one place to another, never still. How he holds food in his hands, but never takes more than a couple of bites before discarding it discreetly. How he always manages to assign himself to a critical patient right as he’s about to eat, never sitting down for more than a minute at a time.

Robby can see how the man’s scapulas shift under his ill-fitting scrubs, how the bone in his wrist looks like it’s about to burst through skin.

*

The next week, Langdon eats a sandwich from the cafeteria silently under Robby’s watchful eye, pale fingers trembling as he eats without tasting, swallows mechanically without fully chewing. Makes sharp eye contact with Robby as if to say “see? I eat.” Robby’s frowning, leaning slightly back in his chair with his arms crossed.

Langdon’s hands never used to shake. They can’t, in an occupation like this. Even when he first came to the Pitt years ago, a nervous wreck like all of the other students, he never wavered. It was like all of his jitters went away when tools were in his hands, no matter how anxious he was before. Robby always found that admirable. Now, the

man in front of him can barely keep a fork steady.

He uses the opportunity to study Langdon's face. His lips are puffy, his face is pale and sweaty, and his eyes are swollen and red. Whether that's from tears in the supply closet or throwing up in the toilet, it's anyone's guess. It's getting harder and harder to ignore the way his sharp collarbones peak out of the now-loose collar of his scrubs, the angularity of his shoulders. Something in Robby's chest twists and contorts.

Anyone who walks in on their strange lunch date is smart enough not to comment at the sight.

The food churns in Langdon's gut, with all of its oily fat and processed meat. The rush of nutrients is making him slightly dizzy. His body wants to reject it. Langdon's not worried. It's just gonna come back up later anyway, he thinks, smiles slightly. He's almost excited, in a sick way. At least he knows he's sick. Some people don't. He runs his tongue over his teeth, eagerly consuming what's been put in front of him by Robby so he can get out of there.

But Robby finds him before he can even touch the handle of the bathroom door, yanking him back with a firm hand on his upper arm while the other stumbles clumsily. His fingers could probably enclose around Langdon's bicep, at this point. Not really, but almost. Could be something to work towards in the future, Langdon thinks distantly.

"Ah ah. What do you think you're doing, Dr. Langdon?"

"Gonna use the bathroom. Do I have permission?" He replies lowly, irritated.

"I'll be waiting outside the door. Hope I don't hear any retching in there." Robby says, pats his back like how a dad would. Langdon sucks his cheek so he doesn't say anything he'll regret, jaw clenched, and pushes past him.

A listener isn't a problem for Langdon. He's learned how to puke quietly, and the Pitt is loud this time of day. Babies screaming, monitors beeping, staff and patients yelling. Robby doesn't hear a thing as Langdon gets on his bruised knees, shoves two fingers down his throat and spills everything.

But Robby is far from stupid, and when Langdon comes back sweaty, with watery eyes and the scent of mint hardly covering acid, he just sighs. Langdon raises his eyebrows, almost challenging the older to

say something. Robby just walks away.

*

Mohan is eyeing him worriedly, like everyone has been these past few months. It's endless. Makes him grit his teeth. She makes desperate eye contact with Robby, wordlessly gesturing to Langdon's frail hands, which are sloppy and shaky with every stitch.

They get into a heated argument in the hallway by the lockers, yet again.

"When it's affecting your work, it is my business, actually!" Robby yells, slamming the locker for impact. Langdon doesn't flinch this time, but he's hunched inward. His ears still burn at the feeling of multiple pairs of eyes on him, though. You'd think he'd be used to it by now.

"Take a break, Dr. Langdon."

Surprisingly, he goes without comment.

*

At 3 p.m. McKay slides Langdon a muffin, winks. He tries not to roll his eyes. He nods once at her instead, making awkward eye contact. Starts peeling the paper wrapper as if he's going to eat it, then stops when she walks away.

Not wanting to waste food, he ends up putting it on a napkin and giving it to Whitaker, who just thanks him confusedly in that mousy way of his.

*

Now, the bracelet his kid made him slides halfway down his forearm, instead of resting at the wrist. Langdon finds this especially annoying during surgeries, so he cuts it quickly when he has a free minute and ties the worn out elastic so it's tighter, fingers quick and practiced. He smiles inwardly at the change, at the progress he's making.

*

When the emptiness in his body becomes unbearable, though the cravings are not quite comparable to the feeling of withdrawal, he decides it can't wait until he gets home. He locks the break room door

behind him and chokes down soggy, congealed leftovers, chugs milk and juice out of the carton and lets it run down his chin, eats what's left of the stale pumpkin bread someone baked days ago.

He knows this isn't normal behavior, that he looks crazy, but he's too weak to stop it. His throat is sticky and clogged with his fifth spoonful of peanut butter, but he's not in control. He feels it move through his arteries, thick and gooey like molasses. His stomach feels like it's so empty it's gonna swallow him whole. A bottomless pit.

Robby is the one that finds him in the break room after his binge, because of course he is. The fridge is still open, and wrappers are littered across the floor. Langdon, slouched against the bottom cabinets, doesn't scurry to clean it, to hide his mess like a dog caught digging in the trash, when the door opens. He stares at nothing, seemingly out of it. Just waits for the insults as guilt festers inside him, molds him into something small and pathetic on the tile.

As Robby cautiously draws closer, he observes the traces of food covering his mouth and shirt, the rise and fall of his chest with shallow wheezes, and the flush on his face from shame.

"Hey, kiddo." Robby says, approaching Langdon like one would an animal caught in a trap. Langdon's chest aches at the nickname. That's what his dad used to call him. At least it distracts him from the ache in his stomach. He thinks he might burst. Robby crouches down, one of those square little alcohol pads the hospital gives away in his hand.

"We need to get you cleaned up, huh?" He says. Langdon stays silent. He doesn't need a mirror to know he looks disgusting. Tear tracks and sauces not yet dried on his face, shirt soaked with milk and god knows what else, evidence of the thousands of calories he just consumed in ten minutes. It's the most humiliated he's been in his entire life. A nightmare he can't wake up from. He should probably be taken to psych now. He won't fight, if that's what Robby decides for him. He's too tired. Robby could probably just lock both of his wrists together with one hand and drag him there.

Instead, he slowly reaches for his face, giving Langdon an opportunity to flinch away. Tenderly, like he's cleaning an open wound, Robby wipes the food off his mouth and cheeks. Langdon just lets him.

"There we go. All better." Robby says lightly as he finishes up, like how you would say it to a child, but his eyes are sad. Everyone's been looking at him like that, recently. Like he's infecting them. Langdon's

lip wobbles as he stares forward. Takes all of his energy left to keep his eyes dry in front of the man. He can feel food slowly creeping up his throat, threatening to exit. He swallows it down.

“Want me to get you some new scrubs?” He asks, still using that soft voice. Langdon nods once, still staring at nothing. Why is he being so nice to him?

“Okay.” Robby’s knees crack as he gets off the floor.

No tears come out until after Robby leaves. Small miracles. He wraps his arms around his knees and rocks slightly, cold and alone again. Tries to squeeze all of the wetness out of his eyes before he’s back.

Robby comes back a few minutes later with fresh black scrubs in the closest thing to his size, lays them down next to him and rubs his shoulder. Doesn’t say a word as he exits.

He tells himself it doesn’t sting that Robby didn’t stay with him. He has patients. Some in critical condition. He’s not paid to deal with shit like this. Langdon gets back onto his feet, gait only a little off from his swollen belly. Slinks away to the bathroom. Robby eyes him from across the room, but doesn’t try to stop him. Maybe because he’s too busy with his sepsis patient, or maybe because he knows there’s no use.

No hope for someone like Langdon. A lost cause.

*

Langdon doesn’t really know what he looks like anymore, but it must not be good, because he’s called in for a wellness check with a woman he forgot the name of ages ago. She’s in an entirely different wing of the hospital, meaning he’s sluggish and out of breath by the time he reaches her office.

She puts her hand over his on the table. It’s cold. He wishes she was Kiara. Her hands would have been warm. But even Kiara wouldn’t be able to get him to talk. He doesn’t need to talk.

“Do you know why you were called in here, Francis?” She asks gently.

“I’m clean now. Ask Robby. Ask Abbot. Ask anyone. They’re all talking about me down there.” He says hurriedly, cold hands rubbing

his thighs. He notices the new, fine hair appearing on his arms. Lanugo, he thinks. His teeth chatter.

She just smiles sadly, her eyes creasing.

“I know you’re clean, honey.” She says. Great. Then what is he doing here in a room with salt lamps and motivational posters?

“People have been very concerned for you lately. The wellbeing of our employees is our top priority. Without you guys, this place wouldn’t run. I know that you’re aware of the resources this hospital has, and I hope you find it in yourself to reach out. We’re always here.”

She slides him a pamphlet with a picture of a teenage girl staring down at a scale on the front. He throws it in the trash right after he’s out of her sight. Clasps both hands behind his neck, exhales, and heads back down to the Pitt.

*

Langdon keeps getting smaller, and the pitying glances sent his way become more frequent and harder to bear. Hes hunched in on himself almost all of the time now, like he’s afraid he’ll unravel at any moment. He flinches at loud noises, and quiet noises, and his eyes are constantly glassy and unfocused.

In the end, when it gets too hard to just sit by and watch, they force feed him.

They ganged up on him, he thinks. Must have been conspiring behind his back. That’s what all of their whispering was. Had to be. He fights back. He’s still got some energy in him, after all. Who would have guessed? Tears and snot run down his face, boney hands grasping at the tubes being shoved up his nose. He’s crying, flailing pathetically on a bed that should only be used for a real patient. They don’t have enough beds. All Langdon does is take, take, take.

Skinny arms grab at the hands trying to help him, his eyes wide and panicked as someone above him brushes his sweaty hair out of his eyes like how a mother would. The same hand wipes his eyes and nose, too, but everything is blurry and sounds are muffled. He screams.

The parenteral nutrition IV dangles above him, taunting him. Garcia has to turn her head away, looking up and quickly blinking away the sting in her eyes. Robby’s face is neutral the whole time, betraying

nothing as he holds Langdon down, restrains him, but his hands shake.

He feels a prick somewhere on his body. Sleep overtakes him, and he feels nothing.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It was supposed to be a one shot but I wanted to write a proper ending :)

Langdon stares at the feeding tube on the counter before work, packing his lunch for the day in neat plastic containers under Abby's watchful eye.

For nearly 2 months after his hospitalization, no food besides broth and applesauce would stay in his system. Most of his nutrients were fed to him through those silicone tubes. They had told Tanner that daddy's body just wasn't taking in food like it should anymore, which wasn't really a lie. His stomach had almost shut down on him, heart almost gave out.

The windows are wet and fogged with the morning dew, the sun just starting to slice through darkness. The cherry blossom tree in their front yard is blooming soft shades of white and pink, covering their lawn with its petals. It's been 4 months, and Langdon is back to normal.

He throws his jacket over his shoulder, just in case, though he doesn't get nearly as cold as he used to. Perks of having a layer of fat, he supposes. Kisses Abby goodbye, a sweet peck on the lips, and heads into the dawn.

*

He finally catches a break at 1 pm. He slinks into the bathroom, feeling the heat of multiple pairs of eyes on his neck. Langdon avoids mirrors now. Avoids the nervous tick of rubbing his chest to feel his sternum under his scrubs. He tells himself he doesn't care that the bones aren't as prominent anymore. He's better now.

After a short-lived battle, Langdon gives in and looks at himself. His waistline has filled back out, his cheeks no longer sunken in. He stretches one arm down, palm facing the sink, and closes his pointer finger and thumb around the middle of his forearm. They don't touch. He's even got a little tan, the spring sun dotting his face with a few freckles, and his cheeks are dusted with pink.

He wouldn't say he's recovered, not really, but he sure looks like it. Langdon sneers at his healthy-looking reflection, and it sneers back. He washes his hand, flicks the water off, and walks back out to the loud noise and bright lights of the ER.

*

The next day, Langdon counts all the calories of his lunch quickly and expertly. Water, 0 calories. Leftover grilled chicken breast would be 170, but Abby had used oil, butter, and seasoning so it was closer to 220. Rice was 100 calories, and the roasted vegetables were 60. It's all laid out plainly in front of him, the smell making him nauseous. Abby used to sneak in a couple of cookies in a plastic bag, but gave up a couple of weeks ago when she saw that they would just come back with him every time.

If he does 15,000 instead of 12,000 steps today, he will have burned it all off. That way he can allow himself to eat dinner when he gets home. Abby's always so sad when he goes straight to bed. Tonight will be different.

He eats everything except a few spoonfuls of rice, and the fatty part of the meat.

*

"How're you holdin' up, kid?" Dana asks him, leaning slightly over the computer where Langdon's seated.

"Good," Langdon says while chewing mint gum, eyes not leaving the computer screen. "Better, I mean."

Just like with his addiction, the actual words "eating disorder," "anorexia," and "bulimia" were never uttered between staff, at least not while he was there, but everyone knew. With so many people knowing his problems, it sometimes felt as though everyone had a personal copy of his diary to flip through, or something.

"You need anything, you just tell me." She says it quietly, voice scratchy from cigarettes, like it's a secret.

Langdon looks up at her and nods, one small dip. It's an awkward thing. He thinks about their conversation in the break room, when Robby had found out he'd been stealing medication.

"I mean it." She says. Makes unwavering eye contact, like she can see

into Langdon's brain. It feels like she can.

"I know."

*

Langdon kicks off his shoes and gets on the scale, faced backwards as always so he doesn't know the number. It's in a secluded area, away from prying eyes of staff and patients. He hears the plastic pieces slide across the top of the scale, counterweight beams clinking against metal. Robby jot something down on his notepad, glasses tipped on his nose.

Langdon stares forward at the cream colored wall in front of him. Tries not to think about what the number could be. 140? 145? Has he crossed over into the 150s yet? He hopes not. He shivers as he recalls his nutritionists words. 'The goal is to get you back to 180.' He's not sure whose goal that is. It's certainly not his. He can feel his hands and forehead get clammy, his chest rising and falling faster than usual. He scratches his arm, a nervous tick he's had since his benzos addiction.

"Okay. Step off." Robby says quietly, pulling Langdon out of his head. Langdon tries to think of being anywhere else, a weak attempt to stop his mind from spiraling too deep. Between the mandatory urine tests and mandatory weigh-ins, Langdon's not sure how much more he can take.

"Frank." Robby says, looking down at him with those reader glasses perched on his nose. Langdon loathes that tone. That fatherly, "I-know-what-you're-hiding" tone.

He's gonna say that Langdon isn't gaining quickly enough, that he must be secretly vomiting when he thinks no one's looking. That Langdon is hiding weights or coins in his pockets because the number is going up too quickly. That he's failing at eating, but also failing at not-eating. That he's not small enough to be disordered, but not normal enough to join the others and their nauseating 'healthy relationship' with food.

"Yes?" Langdon says tightly, doesn't move his eye-line up from his feet, which are socked but still shoeless against the cold tile. He feels that familiar ache in the back of his eyes and swallows down the urge to burst into tears.

“I need you to breathe.”

It's at this moment when Langdon realizes the rise and fall of his chest has stopped, his whole body shaking from the effort of trying to stick together. He tries to take a deep breath, but his breath hitches. He wants to grab Robby's stupid notepad and see what number he wrote down, what notes he has that he won't tell Langdon. He deserves to know. He's the one doing all the work.

Langdon squeezes his eyes shut, hoping he'll just leave him be like he did in the break room. Like if he closes his eyes, this isn't real. He's not embarrassing himself in front of his boss, yet again.

His chest heaves, and he's suddenly made aware of how heavy he feels, like he could sink into the ground at any moment. He can feel the food from lunch sloshing around in his stomach, the fat creeping up around his biceps and abdomen. He feels unclean. His distantly aware of a voice calling back to him, trying to get his attention, but it sounds miles away.

Robby tugs him forward. Embraces him with one hand on his nape like a father and squeezes. He's solid and warm all over, making Langdon feel small and fragile. His breath hitches again, only this time it's louder, spilling out of his mouth like bile. The man shushes him softly, cards a hand through his hair. Langdon is distantly aware of how Robby's rocking them ever so slightly, side to side. He pulls Langdon back so they're facing each other.

“I'm so proud of you.” He says, gaze unwavering.

That's all it takes for Langdon to crumble into him.

*

The lighting in his house glows a soft amber when he gets home, offering a break from the harsh fluorescents he'd spent the last 12 hours under. There's a pleasant smell coming from the kitchen. Langdon's stomach rumbles. Slowly, he walks towards the sound of clanging pots and dishes.

“What's this?” Langdon asks, gestures at the state of the kitchen. Abby made his favorite tonight, grilled salmon and roasted potatoes. A big, wooden bowl sits on the table, full of fresh greens, and lit candles add warmth to everything on the table.

“I thought I'd surprise you with a date night.” Abby says, cutting

crunchy French bread into one inch slices. She's got a genuine, airy smile on her face that he hasn't seen in what feels like a very long time. Now that he thinks of it, it's been awhile since he's heard her laugh. It's a beautiful sound.

"Wow." Langdon says, taken aback by all of the work she put into the spread. "You didn't have to do all this." He said, patting his pants awkwardly and shifting on his feet. He's hungry, but he's not sure how much he can eat. There are a lot of numbers to add up, and he's too tired to do all of the math.

"I wanted to." She winks, takes out the butter and red wine from the fridge. 2 more things to track. He tries not to let his face fall, chokes down the urge to bolt.

Once the food hits his stomach, Langdon is quickly made aware of how hungry he was. He closes his fist tightly around his fork, knuckles going white, willing himself to not go too fast. If Abby notices this, she pretends she doesn't.

The salmon is cooked to perfection, buttery with a splash of lemon juice, just how he likes it. It's all better than he remembered. He can't recall the last time he ate something he truly loved, something he was excited to eat. That achy feeling of dread was slowly being stamped out, if only for the night. He can give himself this, just for now.

He thinks about how Abby used to hook up his fluids and monitor his nutrient intake and blood tests when he was too weak to do it himself. All of the electrolyte replacement, the appetite stimulates that she had to keep track of. Thinks about the scared, uncertain look Tanner would give him when looking at the tube protruding from Langdon's stomach, his bones looking like they were trying to tear through his pale skin. He sees flashes of small hands softly grabbing his, as if his father would shatter in his hold.

He's not sure what's wrong with him, but for the second time that day, Langdon cries. He ducks down, fork clattering as his hands try to hide his face. Abby is silent for a moment, and the only sounds in the room are his quiet, hiccuping sobs.

"Frank.." Abby starts, her hand bringing his off of his face, intertwining them together instead in a firm grip.

"I don't-" he starts, unsure of what to say. Langdon wipes his tears with the palm of his free hand quickly, aware of how childish it looks. His breath hitches. It's not that she's never made him dinner after

work, but he always comes home so late that she usually just eats with the kids. He's suddenly made aware of all he's put his family through, how they almost watched him die.

"Oh, honey." Abby says, turning his face towards hers so he has to make eye contact. "It's alright." She pulls her sleeve over her hand and wipes a tear off. Langdon sniffles. "I'm glad you're back." She says, which could mean multiple things. He gives her a watery smile, glassy blue eyes boring into hers.

"Me too." He whispers.

He doesn't count the calories this time, and it all stays down.

End Notes

Langdon is so ED coded to me. Anyways I love comments! Let me know what you thought! :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!